

The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY
THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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THE TWO SHORES.

Upon the river's brink I stand,
Beside the rushing water's flow,
And look from off the shore I know,
The safe and dear familiar land,
Unto another shore which lies
Mist-veiled beneath the crimsoning skies.
This is a shore and that a shore.
Does the earth cease, to rise once more,
Beyond the river's span?
Ah, no! the shores are clasped in one;
The same firm earth goes on, goes on,
Though hidden for a little space
From eye or tread of man.

Upon another shore we stand,
Beside a darker water's flow,
And catch beyond the earth we know
Faint glimpses of another land
Dreaming in sunlight, half described
Beyond the rushing river tide.
It is life here, and life is there:
We look from fair things to most fair,
The river rolls between;
But, held and bound and clasped in one,
Immortal life goes on, goes on,
Though only from the farther strand
The union can be seen.

—*Susan Coolidge.*

THE HOUSE OF PRAYER.

"My house shall be called an house of prayer for all people."—ISA. lvi. 7.

From the old time, so remote that no historian has told the story of it, an age so long ago that only the imagination of the poet can reproduce the picture of it, from the days when man was young upon the earth down to the world of our own time,—the ancient world, as one has called it,—throughout the thousands of years that our race has occupied this earth, men have gathered together at stated times to worship God. In the groves first,—the temples of God's creation,—and then in the temples of their own devising, our fathers, from immemorial time, have knelt in prayer before the majesty of the Infinite. Age by age the temples grew more magnificent, more and more expressive of the revelations of beauty within the human heart and of the growing perception of the divinity within the soul of man. Travel far and wide over this old earth of ours, and you will find it crowned with structures dedicated to the mighty and mysterious Spirit that holds us all within its power. Everywhere the planet is marked with the evidence of man's aspiration and devotion. Diverse, surely, are these structures that grew up century after century out of the earth, under the inspiration of man's instinct for prayer and communion with the Eternal; but they all have one sole reason for being,—namely, worship. How widely different in form the Druid rocks of Stonehenge, the teocallis of Mexico, the mighty and sombre cave-temples of Egypt, the beautiful and majestic shrines of the Greeks, the cathedrals of the Middle Age, the domes of the Renaissance at Rome and London,—St. Peter's and St. Paul's,—the humble wayside chapel, the Puritan meeting-house, and the more recent temples of beauty and magnificence! Yes, different in form, but one spirit back of them all. Rock-heap, temple, cathedral, church, and chapel were all reared in recognition of the Invisible and Eternal. Man had "touched God's right hand in the darkness," and must henceforth worship him, in the groves first, God's gift to man; later in the temples of beauty, man's answering gift to God. Religion became the

mother of art, because man needed to tax to the uttermost his noblest conceptions of imagination adequately to express his "wonder, love, and praise."

That houses dedicated to prayer have always existed is simply a matter of observation and history, and down to our own century no one has ever seriously questioned their usefulness or their purpose. But in our day many people are repeatedly asking: "What is a church for, anyway?" "Of what use is it?" "Is it anything more than an outgrown relic of superstition?" Judging by the few people in any community who attend public worship with anything like regularity, it would seem that men are dangerously near coming to the conclusion that it is of no use whatever, and, like other outgrown and useless things, had better be neglected, and, eventually, destroyed.

But to some of us it seems as absurd to ask that question as it would be to ask what the windows and the fireside of your dwelling are for. To let the light in and get warm by, of course! Well, that's what a church is for,—to let the light and warmth of heaven in upon the souls of men as they try to work together in the world. The church is simply, solely, eternally, a house of prayer, a place for the common worship of God by "all sorts and conditions of men," who, while they have to work together in the social and industrial economy of life, never could, by any possibility, live together in peace and harmony, unless they were reminded from time to time of their common origin, their common destiny, and their mutually dependent interests as they are associated in the community. Common prayer, worship of one God together, gives the necessary bond and the needed aspiration toward nobler, higher, more unselfish ideals of living.

That is what a church is for, so that the light of peace and the warmth of infinite love may enter the souls of all. The church, the place of public worship, brings men together in contact with the Eternal; and her one lesson for all time is that "Eternity calls men to goodness." It is true a man may worship at home or in the fields and woods. But, unless he worships from time to time with other men, he is likely to come to the conclusion, from such selfish worship, that he is God's special child, and that the earth is his particular property and the fulness thereof. Private worship, without public worship, is the most selfish thing a man can do. He will come to believe, as the Hebrew race did, that he is the chosen of God, and it makes no difference about his neighbors.

Is a church for entertainment? No: the

theatre can furnish a far better article in that line. Is it a sort of private chapel to gratify family pride? No: the family sepulchre is better adapted for that purpose. Is it a part of the police force of the community? No: it does help keep the jails free and policemen inactive; but, for all that, you would not think of applying a portion of the appropriation for police to the uses of the church. We do not need to hunt high and low to find a reason for the church's existence. The answer is perfectly easy: a church is the place for, and gives sole opportunity for, common prayer to one Almighty Father, whose children we all are. Everything else connected with a church is entirely subsidiary to that central idea of common worship. And, because we are all the time forgetting this fact, we need frequently to remind ourselves of it. Architecture, literature, music, etc., are worthy adjuncts of worship, and furnish beautiful means for the expression of the spirit of worship; but they are not of the first importance. The danger always is that we tend to make them supreme. "Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness," somebody says. Exactly so. But remember the worship comes first, and no holiness will ever be beautiful in the sight of a spiritually-minded man unless the spirit of worship is supreme above all the beauty of expression, architectural, literary, or musical.

Apropos of all this, let me tell a story about church music—and the same would apply as well to architecture and sermon—and liturgical literature, when these have usurped the affections of a church. It is an old legend of the monasteries. "There was once a band of poor men who had good voices, but no idea of music; and so they were filled with regret because their service was so imperfect. One day there came to them one who had spent his whole life with music and musicians, one who understood the art well. And he pointed out to those humble monks the imperfections in their musical service, and made them ashamed; and they asked him to sing for them, and he sang, and it seemed to them that they had never heard anything so grand. But that night a voice asked the abbot why the monks had forgotten their evening song. The old man replied that they had not forgotten it. On the contrary, they had had a most magnificent service. 'Magnificent it may have been,' said the voice, 'but not one sound of worship has entered heaven this night.'"

May our churches in our time be, first of all, houses of sincere and earnest prayer! May we become one with the noble company of God-fearing, God-knowing, and God-

obeying men, whose faith and insight and courage have made the ages what they are,—the progressive history of man, first worshipping in the forest groves, to-day, after thousands of years, still kneeling in prayer under the vaulted domes of temples dedicated to the common worship of God for all peoples,—temples which man's own genius, inspired of God, has raised to beautify the earth and to testify of the creative divinity of the Eternal within the human soul.—*A. W. Littlefield.*

THE STILL HOUR.

UNDISMAYED.

Give to the winds thy fears,
Hope and be undismayed;
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears;
God shall lift up thy head.

Through waves, through clouds and storms
He gently clears thy way:
Wait thou His time; so shall the night
Soon end in joyous day.

—*P. Gerhardt, translated by J. Wesley.*

JUNE.

Hope.

1. Christ in you, the hope of glory.—*Col. i. 27.*
2. My hope is in thee.—*Ps. xxxix. 7.*
3. The Lord will be the hope of his people.
Joel iii. 16.
4. We are saved by hope.—*Rom. viii. 24.*
5. Hope maketh not ashamed.—*Rom. v. 5.*
6. That your faith and hope might be in God.—*1 Peter i. 21.*
7. Charity hopeth all things.—*1 Cor. xiii. 7.*
8. Do good, and lend, hoping for nothing.
Luke vi. 35.
9. Rejoice in the hope of the glory of God.
Rom. v. 2.
10. Faith is the substance of things hoped for.—*Heb. xi. 1.*
11. I have hoped in thy judgments.—*Ps. cxix. 43.*
12. Be sober, and hope to the end.—*1 Peter i. 13.*
13. Thou hast caused me to hope.—*Ps. cxix. 49.*
14. Now abideth faith, hope, charity.—*1 Cor. xiii. 13.*
15. Be not moved from the hope of the gospel.—*Col. i. 23.*
16. The righteous hath hope in his death.—*Prov. xiv. 32.*
17. Sorrow not as others which have no hope.—*1 Thess. iv. 13.*

18. Hope that is seen is not hope.—*Rom. viii. 24.*

19. Thou didst make me hope.—*Ps. xxii. 9.*

20. Wait for the hope of righteousness.—*Gal. v. 5.*

21. Every man that hath this hope . . . purifieth himself.—*1 John iii. 3.*

22. It is good that a man should . . . hope.—*Lam. iii. 26.*

23. I will hope continually.—*Ps. lxxi. 14.*

24. Rejoicing in hope.—*Rom. xii. 12.*

25. Lay hold upon the hope set before us.—*Heb. vi. 18.*

26. Which hope we have as an anchor.—*Heb. vi. 18.*

27. In thee, O Lord, do I hope.—*Ps. xxxviii. 15.*

28. Now there is hope in Israel.—*Ezra x. 2.*

29. My flesh also shall rest in hope.—*Ps. xvi. 9.*

30. Thou art my hope in the day of evil.—*Jer. xvii. 17.*

—“*Asked and Answered*,” edited by Martha Van Marter.

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 80 Goffe Street, Quincy, Mass.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking, “Shall I send such a book to such a person?” before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you have sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club to be printed there.

OFFERS.

Mrs. J. W. Kennedy, 634 Canton Avenue, Milton, Mass., offers *Good Housekeeping*, 1909 and 1910; *Country Life*, 1906 and 1907; *National Geographic Magazine*, 1909.

Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 80 Goffe Street, Quincy, Mass., offers “Stories from the Crusades”; “Story of Abraham Lincoln,” Mary A. Hamilton; “Middleway,” Kate W. Patch; “Autocrat of the Breakfast Table,” Holmes; “How doth the Simple Spelling Bee,” Wister; “Story of my Heart,” Richard Jeffries.

REQUESTS.

Those who write to us for the first time must send the name and address of a minister as a reference. Without that the request will not be printed.

1. Miss Kate L. Watson, Box 57, Worcester, Mass., asks for information concerning a book called “The Upper Country where the King lives.” Miss Watson has read the book in raised type, but would like to

obtain copies in print to give friends, and she has been unable to learn where she can buy the book. She has already tried the Congregationalist, the Unitarian Publication Society, and the American Tract Society without success, and would be very grateful for any information that can be given her.

2. I wish to thank those who have so kindly sent me reading. I do not have stamps to thank each one. I should like to have some books and stories of South America, also Whitney's "Improved Easy Method for the Parlor Organ." Mrs. Mary Heckard, Fall River, Kansas, R. R. 2. (Former address, Toronto, Kansas, R. R. 1.)

3. I want to thank the dear friend through the *Cheerful Letter* for sending it to me. I enjoy it very much. I have been a member of the Cheerful Letter Exchange for over twenty years, and it has been a long time since I asked for any reading. I have two papers sent me, one the *Christian Register*. I have had it for many years, but would like some books, as my children are all gone from home. Mrs. W. A. Crogan, Winterport, Maine.

4. Mrs. Mary Moran, Pinnacle, North Carolina, Route 2, asks for a Geography and Dictionary.

5. Mrs. Mary Lowder, New London, North Carolina, R. F. D. 2, would be glad of light reading.

6. Rev. C. E. Bénédicet, Cayes, Haïti, asks for the *Atlantic* for 1913.

7. I am a little girl, eleven years old, and my parents are poor and cannot buy reading for me and my little sisters and brothers. I have four sisters and three brothers. My little sister Minnie is eight years old, and we would like to have some reading for our age. We would like "Rhymes for Real Children" and "Ragged Lady" and easy stories. I hope I have not asked for too much. We can only go to the public school, and that is very short here in the South. My reference is Rev. H. H. Smith of Ansonville, North Carolina. I would love to have some one write to me, if any one would care to write to a poor little farmer's daughter. We are a mile from any neighbors, and, when our work is done, would like something to read, as we all like to read. We would be so thankful to get picture or story books of any kind. Annie Snell Hill, Ansonville, North Carolina.

8. I have received some reading matter from the Cheerful Letter Exchange, and was very thankful for it. My address is changed from Toronto, Kansas, to Fall River, Kansas. I should like books of adventure and outdoor life, books on mystics and occult science. I should also like an atlas, a physiology, and books and magazines devoted to medicine, as I am studying medicine. Theodore B. Goldesberry, Fall River, Kansas, Route No. 2.

9. Mrs. Creta Medlin, Forestburg, Texas, will appreciate "The Prince of the House of David" and a Dictionary.

10. Mrs. Josie Ware, Athens, Texas, Route 6, will appreciate any kind of reading.

11. I have long wished for the two last volumes of Adam Clark's "Bible Commentary." Any Methodist minister can tell you what I want. Also I should like to get Josephus's "Story of the Jews and Christ." I have suffered a lot this winter with rheumatism. I should like to receive some good short stories and books for small boys. Zeb B. Pyatt. Address changed from Goldsboro, North Carolina, to Atlantic, North Carolina.

12. Mrs. A. A. Cochran, 621 North 8th Street, Columbia, Missouri, will be very glad of reading which she will hand to others.

13. Mrs. James Coulter, Tellico Plains, Tennessee, will be grateful for reading which she will pass on.

14. Miss Mattie Cowles, Yadkin Valley, North Carolina, will enjoy anything sent to her.

15. Mrs. Anderson Walters, Polkton, R. F. D. 2, North Carolina, asks for reading for her two boys, aged eighteen and twelve years, and little girl nine years.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS.

Mrs. M. M. Collins, from Monument to Modine, New Mexico.

W. V. Kinter, from North Point to Indiana, Pennsylvania, Care County Home.

Mrs. James Brown from Sandy Ridge to Nettle Ridge, Virginia.

Martha Richardson is now Mrs. Martha Garriss, Ansonville, North Carolina, Route 1.

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

A PRAYER FOR CHILDREN.

Speak no Evil.

Dear God, my heart is great and true,
 Just as the sky is broad and blue.
 My ears are given me to hear
 All words and sounds most pure and dear.
 My eyes are wonderful, and see
 The great good world you made for me.
 O dear God, *love* my lips and teach
 Them how to use the purest speech.

God, *love* my heart and make it hold
 A host of thoughts as pure as gold.
 God, I will try when I am young
 To have the nicest kind of tongue.
 Tongue lives behind my lips and teeth,
 With clean and pleasant words beneath.
 So never, never shall a word
 Of evil from my lips be heard. *Amen.*

—John Martin.

LACK OF CO-OPERATION OF PARENTS WITH
TEACHERS.

Talking over the tea-cups one day with a distinguished teacher, whose love of her profession has not suffered diminution in a score of years, I found her a little disheartened and disposed to be critical of the parents of her pupils. She was so bright and cheerful, so brimful of enthusiasm, and so certain of the future of her boys and girls, that the disheartenment was not of a kind to make her less arduous and concerned in behalf of each individual.

She felt no hesitation in saying that parents were not generally acting in concert with teachers, as they had formerly done; and she explained the change by saying that the fathers were so busy in making money, and the mothers so occupied either in domestic drudgery or social engagements that children were left to bring themselves up as best they could.

As for authority in the home, she declared that in the area of her observation it was pretty nearly obsolete. "We have tried an experiment," she asserted, "in our town for two years, and it has signally failed. We thought one session a day would be very much better for the students in the high school than two sessions, and accordingly we decided upon giving up the latter and arranging the former. The result has been unsatisfactory.

"We have been obliged to return, solely in the interest of education and of the welfare of the pupils, to a morning and afternoon school session, with study periods under our direction. The hope was that by having longer time early in the day for sunshine and fresh

air the students would return physically the better for the afternoon's leisure to the work of the school. It has been just the opposite. Both boys and girls have drifted into habits of mental laziness: the boys have spent their time in pool-rooms or in card-playing, and the girls have sauntered up and down the street, and studies have been largely neglected. Ours is a manufacturing town. Thirty years ago parents kept an eye upon growing sons and daughters, and the home influence was in favor of upholding the teacher. At the present hour parents, so far as influence with children is in the scale, count for very little."

Whether the experience of this teacher is exceptional or may be paralleled in the experience of many in the profession I cannot be sure, but so far as I have been able to converse with teachers I have found them unanimous in their complaint of parents.—Margaret E. Sangster.

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE BARTRAMIAN SANDPIPER.

Bartram's Sandpiper, commonly called the "upland plover" or "field plover," in the West the "prairie pigeon," is a bird of wide geographical range and long migrations. It breeds from Virginia, Southern Kansas, and Utah, northward to Nova Scotia and Alaska, and winters as far south as Chile and Brazil, appearing also in the West Indies. It has wandered to various parts of Europe, and even to Australia. In New England this bird is already very near extinction throughout, and its numbers are everywhere declining at a most alarming rate.

The upland plover is among the most directly and unmixedly useful of all American birds. Being a haunter of pastures and mowings, and fitted to abound in such situations, living wholly on insects and other small animal life, it is peculiarly adapted to restrain the increase of these creatures and so to avert many a plague. Mr. E. H. Forbush, the Massachusetts State ornithologist, writes: "I consider the upland plover one of the most useful of all birds in the field; a great destroyer of insects like the grasshopper and cutworm, which are among the worst enemies of the grass crop. During the locust invasions in the West, years ago, this bird saved many a crop for the farmers, and laws were passed to protect it. This seems all forgotten now."

Audubon says its food in Massachusetts is grasshoppers, and in Louisiana is coleopterous insects. It is not known to eat any vegetable food at all. The testimony to the above effect is universal, and we may assume

that even those who still wish to keep this bird in the game category have nothing to say against its importance to agriculture.

Secondly, it is to American farmers what the lapwing and curlew are to those of Europe, one of the chief ornaments among their half-domestic fauna, and, like them, dear to countless lovers of outdoor life. Its rare, graceful manners, the charming way it has of giving its long, mellow call, while it holds its wings straight upward, after alighting on the top of some boulder or stone wall, make it dear to many an American, and many a farmer would rejoice to see it back in its old places.

Formerly, no warning scarcity of these birds, no hilltops to which they no longer returned to breed, aroused any one's scruples at adding them to the game-bag, as often as opportunity offered; but now all this is changed, and many such seemingly inexhaustible stores have begun to show alarming signs of giving out; and the American of to-day must readjust his habits.

This beautiful species so belongs to farms, and so exposes itself, and such is now the vastness of our army of shooters, that it cannot escape extermination, except by being struck altogether from our list of game-birds.

The *Biological Survey* has, as yet, no records of examinations of its stomach contents; but it is plain, from the astounding amounts of insects they have found in other insect-eating species, that a bird of the size and exclusively insect-eating habits of this "plover" must consume, especially in the breeding season, almost incredible numbers, precisely when such services are the most telling.

Like the European curlew and lapwing, this bird and the killdeer are our only representatives of the wader family that consent to live among us, and allow us to get acquainted with their charming ways and exquisite dovelike nature. There is something peculiarly rich and sweet in their voices, and they figure extensively in literature. Wherever the killdeer is already gone, the extinction of this one other species would be cut off, not only one of the very best farm protectors, but our last chance to have a beautiful, typical wader among the bird-life within reach of our country homes.

Let us spare this bird, so small a morsel for the epicure, but, alive, so masterly a friend to man!

DESCRIPTION.

Adult: Head and neck streaked with black and ochraceous-buff; back and wing coverts ochraceous-buff barred with black; tertials olive, barred with black and marginal with

ochraceous-buff; primaries fuscous, the outer one barred with white; inner tail-feathers brownish-gray, outer ones varying from ochraceous-buff to white, all more or less barred with black; breast and sides washed with buff and streaked or barred with black; belly white or whitish. Immature—similar, but the ochraceous-buff is deeper. Length, 11.50; wings, 6.50; tarsus, 1.90; bill, 1.15. (Chapman's "Handbook.")

RESOLUTIONS IN REGARD TO THE PROTECTION OF THE SMALLER SHORE BIRDS PASSED AT THE TWENTY-FOURTH ANNUAL CONGRESS OF THE AMERICAN ORNITHOLOGISTS' UNION.

Whereas, It is well known that some of the Limicolæ, or shore-birds, are rapidly decreasing in numbers, on account of spring shooting, and because they may be killed for millinery purposes under the guise of game-birds; and

Whereas, Eleven species are too small to be of any value for food, but are of great æsthetic value as an important feature of the wild life on beaches, marshes, meadows, and prairies, and cannot well be spared therefrom; and

Whereas, These species, particularly the killdeer, which is known to destroy the boll-weevil, have more or less economic value; therefore be it

Resolved, That in order to prevent further excessive slaughter of such birds or their use as millinery ornaments, the American Ornithologists' Union recommends that the following species known as:

Red Phalarope	Western Sandpiper
Northern Phalarope	Spotted Sandpiper
Wilson's Phalarope	Killdeer
Least Sandpiper	Piping Plover
Semipalmated Sandpiper	Snowy Plover

Either be transferred from the list of game-birds or given protection similar to that now accorded non-game-birds.—*Abbott H. Thayer.*

WILLIAM GREENLEAF ELIOT.

VII.

(Continued from the May Number.)

THE WESTERN SANITARY COMMISSION.

[At the beginning of the Civil War the provisions for caring for the sick and wounded soldiers were very limited. Theoretically the United States Sanitary Commission was supposed to include the whole country in the circle of its beneficence. But the area was large, Missouri was a thousand miles distant from Washington, and the need of a general hospital system was very great.]

What was St. Louis to do for her wounded and sick soldiers, sent to that city from all parts of the State? Should she wait for the necessarily slow action of the government through its Medical Bureau, or for the United States Sanitary Commission to send an agent to that distant point? At the suggestion of one of her citizens, Dr. William G. Eliot, the Western Sanitary Commission was created, as he himself expressed it, "to meet the exigency of the moment." So well did it fulfil this purpose that, six weeks after its organization, four large general hospitals were established, with over two thousand beds, all occupied, and with all the essential comforts that sick men require.

On September 3, 1861, a document was drawn up by Dr. Eliot under the heading of "Suggestions," and this was submitted to Major-General Frémont. It created a civilian commission of five gentlemen, who were appointed to serve voluntarily and be removable at pleasure.

As each general hospital was fitted up ready for occupancy, application was made to the military authorities to send thereto sick soldiers from the camps. In accordance with Dr. Eliot's suggestion, arrangements were immediately made for proper burial of the soldiers who died in the hospitals. The graves were marked and a careful record kept of the name, regiment, and such other facts as would lead to identification. Separate provision was made for convalescents. When General Frémont requested that two thousand beds should be immediately prepared for the wounded in anticipation of a great battle, they were ready before required for use. At each meeting—and meetings then were frequent—one or two members of the Board were appointed to inspect hospitals in and near the city. Camps were visited, and, when overcrowding and neglect of sanitary measures were reported, the matter was brought to the attention of the proper military authorities.

In reading the record of the proceedings of the Board of the Western Sanitary Commission, we are at once impressed with the practical efficiency of its members and the amount of work accomplished with expedition and dispatch. Conscientious in the use of the funds intrusted to them, they employed little assistance. The president, Mr. Yeatman, gave his entire time to the work, having at first only one employee, who served as store-keeper, clerk, and porter. Whenever an emergency arose, and there was a sudden call for supplies, the members of the Commission worked until late at night, overseeing the packing of boxes. Dr. Eliot, who lived on

what were then the outskirts of the city, frequently remained until midnight, walking home lantern in hand. At the close of the war statistics proved that the expenses of administration and service amounted to only one and one-half per cent. of the value of the distributions of the Commission.

General Frémont's successor continued in command only sixteen days, and was then superseded by Major-General Halleck. To him a report was made of the work done and in progress by the Western Sanitary Commission. In this report Dr. Eliot wrote: "We claim no other merit than that of intelligent and hearty co-operation with the Medical Bureau, under the order received from headquarters, but we confidently believe that the hospital system of St. Louis and its vicinity is already, at the end of two and one-half months, by far the most perfect and best managed in the United States."

As might have been expected from such a sympathetic and broad-minded body of men as the members of the Western Sanitary Commission, it was their principle of conduct from the beginning to treat the Union and Confederate sick and wounded with equal impartiality.

In May, 1862, by order of Major-General Schofield, the military prisons were placed under the supervision of the Western Sanitary Commission, and Dr. Eliot and Mr. Yeatman acted as a committee on the Gratiot Street prison. Overcrowding and unsanitary conditions were reported, and strenuous efforts were made by the Commission to have the prisoners removed to a new building.

Dr. Pollak and Rev. Dr. Schuyler, associate members of the Commission, were appointed a committee to visit the Alton prison and found that it answered all requirements of sanitation and comfort. It was large, airy, situated in a healthy location, and the buildings were isolated, with considerable ground around them. It was filled to only half its capacity. The food was good in quality and abundant in quantity, and the prisoners were well provided for in every respect. A Catholic priest acted as chaplain, and the Confederate dead were buried with exactly the same care as the Union soldiers.

Late in January 1862, Mr. Yeatman, in response to the request of the Boston committee, went to that city, and completed in New England, on a more extensive tour, the work of soliciting funds for the Western Sanitary Commission which Dr. Eliot had begun. To Dr. Eliot he wrote from Boston: "The kind reception which I have met with has been overwhelming, for which I have to thank you. I find to know or to be a friend

of Dr. Eliot is the best of passports, both to the hearts as well as pockets of the good people of Boston. . . . All say that, when we need more, they will freely give. Several stated they were willing then to double their subscriptions if I said so; but, as these were large givers, I thought it best to defer having them do so until another general appeal should be made."

This response from New England to the appeal of the Western Sanitary Commission proves how superficial are sectional differences, and how strong the bond of a common nationality. The ideal of perfect union knows no North, no South, no East nor West, but one people of a great Republic.

TWO PRAYERS.

For a few special occasions Dr. Eliot wrote prayers, of which several exist in manuscript form. One of these, written under the strain of a great sorrow, is given for the sake of other parents who have suffered the loss of children. On the 20th of February, 1865, Dr. Eliot's daughter Ada, a young girl then sixteen years of age, was drowned while skating with two companions, only children of Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Salisbury. The first shock of the news of this terrible event completely overwhelmed Dr. Eliot, but he soon recovered himself. Mindful of his duty as a pastor, and sympathizing with the parents who were more completely bereaved than himself, he attended the funeral of the Salisbury children, and from the depths of his own sorrow thus addressed the mourners present: "You who are parents know full well that there is no strength, no hope, no consolation except in God. Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. It is *given* to us. We do not accomplish it. We can fight the good fight, we can keep the faith. But the victory over death and the grave is given to us by God, through our Lord Jesus Christ. They cannot return to us, but we shall go to them. All of them are together now, dear friends, the children whom God gave to you. 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.' Even Jesus prayed, 'Let this cup pass from me.' May God help us also to say, 'Thy will be done.'

"And to you who are young and full of life and hope as they were, I entreat you to be also as pure and religious and good. They always lived near to God and to his holy child Jesus. They had given their hearts to him who died for them. They were with him here on earth: they are with him now

in heaven. You cannot secure length of life, but by God's help you may secure its blessedness. You may consecrate your hearts, your lives, your all, in the Christian service, as those who have been taken away from us have done."

On the following day, at the funeral service of his own daughter, Dr. Eliot prayed:—

"Almighty and most merciful God, who has taught us to call thee our Father, we thank thee for this, that as a Father pitieth his children, so dost thou pity us. Most sorely do we feel the need of a Father's sympathy and love. Our hearts are bruised, they are broken; but the broken and contrite heart thou wilt not despise.

"We try to say it, 'Thy will, not ours, be done.' We struggle with ourselves with groanings not to be uttered. The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak. Thou knowest our weakness. Thou rememberest we are dust. Have pity upon us, God our Father! Out of the depths of sorrow we cry out to thee, the Living God. Give us strength. Withhold not from us thy consolation. Our hope is in thee; let us not be confounded.

"For this blessed one, O God, and for all our family in heaven we thank thee. They still belong to us, for they are with thee. The joy of our lives is fading away by the loss of their daily presence, and our beloved homes seem desolate and our hearts are bereaved. O God, pity our bereavement! Pardon the unreasonableness of grief! The dark waves of trouble have gone over us, we are cast down, almost destroyed. Yet we thank thee for them. All that remains of life is not more precious than their memory. Thou alone knowest how we loved them. But we would not call them back. Our souls faint within us when we say it, for they were dearer than our life. But thou art giving us the victory. We are dumb with silence, because it is thy doing. Thy will, not ours, be done."—*William Greenleaf Eliot,* by Charlotte C. Eliot.

What so grave, so heavy, so sure, as trial, sorrow, loss,—the grand disciplines of God? And how can they be met except they be prepared for,—except by seasons, it may not be long, but frequent, in which the soul shall insist upon the world's taking its proper, subordinate place, while it invites the visits of a better spirit and seeks to sanctify itself by self-purging and divine communion, that it may know itself and God,—seasons not annual, prolonged, but at every moment of need?—*Selected.*

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

So many things there might have been,
Had our dear child not died.

We count them up and call them o'er,
We weigh the less against the more,—
The joy she never knew or shared,
The bitter woes forever spared,

The dangers turned aside.
Heaven's full security,—and then,
Perplexed we sigh,—all might have been.

We might have seen her sweet cheeks glow

With love's own happy bloom,
Her eyes with maiden gladness full,
Finding the whole world beautiful;
We might have seen the joyance fail,
The dear face sadden and grow pale,

The smiles fade into gloom,
Love's sun grow dim and sink again,—
Either of these it might have been.

We might have seen her with the crown
Of wifehood on her head,

A queen of home's fair sovereignties,
With little children at her knees;
Or broken-hearted and alone,
Bereft and widowed of her own,

Mourning beside her dead,—
This thing or that, beyond our ken,
It might have been, it might have been.

There is no need of question now,

No doubts or risks or fears:
Safe folded in the Eternal care,
Grown fairer each day and more fair,
With radiance in the clear young eyes
Which in cool depths of Paradise

Look without stain of tears,
Reading the Lord's intent, and then
Smiling to think what might have been.

We too will smile, O dearest child!

Our dull souls may not know
The deep things hidden from mortal sense,
Which feed thy heavenly confidence.

On this one sure thought we can rest,
That God has chosen for thee the best,

Or else it were not so;
He called thee back to Heaven again
Because he knew what might have been.

—Susan Coolidge.

LET US TAKE TIME.

Motto: "Lost time is never found again."

A few words for others when our mortal part is buried.

We live in a time and land of feverish excitement. The hurry, worry, and bustle of life finds its way into many homes, and robs them of much that makes home a pleasant and precious memory. Let us make amends.

1. Let us take time for the kind good-bye. We shall go to the day's work with a sweeter spirit for it.

2. Let us take time to begin and close each day with a hymn and some thoughts of God's goodness. Let us count his many mercies to us. This will make us more thankful and contented. It will make our work easier and our sleep more restful. It may save us from falling into bad ways.

3. Let us take time to speak sweet, "foolish" words to those we love. By and by, when they can no longer hear us, our "foolishness" will seem more wise than our best wisdom.

4. Let us take time to get acquainted with our families. Let us come together at home, especially of evenings while one reads a good book or paper aloud. Let us talk of pleasant things in daily life and in books, and of good things about neighbors and loved ones.

5. Let us take time to read the Bible. Its treasures shall last when we shall have ceased to care for the war of political parties, the rise and fall of stocks, the breaking of banks, or the petty happenings of the day.

6. Last and most of all: Let us take time to go to church together on Sunday, and to attend other good meetings together. We may not have a chance to do such things many years.—*Selected.*

Knowing ourselves, our world,—our task so great,

Our time so brief,—'tis clear if we refuse
The means so limited, the tools so rude
To execute our purpose, life will fleet,
And we shall fade, and leave our task undone.

—Browning.

The best part of one's life is the performance of his daily duties. All higher motives, ideas, conceptions, sentiments, in a man are of no account, if they do not come forward to strengthen him for the better discharge of the duties which devolve upon him in the ordinary affairs of life.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

The past and the future stand over against each other. All the way between is rife with human interests. Happy is the man, well poised on this round, rolling ball, who is balanced on one side by pleasant memories wrought out of good works, devout trust, and godly life, who is balanced on the other side by bright, well-earned hopes waiting to be realized, to become themselves memories and to be incorporated into life.—*W. M. Bicknell.*

The world is my country. To do good is my religion.—*Thomas Paine.*

OUR DOG IN CHURCH.

He was a little flustered on first entering the chapel, so many people there, and all sitting so quiet. In this there was something awesome for Our Dog, and, when out of this unnatural quiet they rose suddenly to sing, Our Dog was frightened and would have run out of doors, only the doors were closed. He soon recovered himself. They were only folks after all—such as he saw every day in street and house.

He began to recognize one after another. He tried to get up a little sociability with them, but they took little or no notice of him. Everybody seemed strangely constrained and altered. Our Dog is a pet, and this cut him. But his is a self-reliant, recuperative nature, so he threw himself on his own resources for amusement. He was delightfully ignorant of the proprieties of church or church service. The choir is separated from the congregation only by a slightly raised platform. On this walked Our Dog. Again there was singing. He smelt first of the organ. He then smelt of the organist and wagged his tail at him. The organist looked with an amused and kindly eye, but he could not stop. Our Dog then smelt of the basso-profundo; he smelt of the tenor; he smelt them on one side and then on the other. Then he went back and resmelt them all over again, also the organ. That was a little curious. There might be a chorus of dogs inside and that man at the keys tormenting them. To him, at any rate, it was not melody. He walked around it, and smelt at every crack and corner to get at the mystery. He tried to coax a little familiarity out of that choir. They seemed to be having a good time; of course he wanted a hand or a paw in it himself. It was of no use. He stood and looked and wagged his bushy tail at them as hard as he could. But, selfishly, they kept all their pleasure to themselves. So he left the choir and came down again among the congregation. There, sure enough, were two little girls on the back seat. He knew them. He had enjoyed many a romp with them. Just the thing! Up he jumped with his paws on that back seat. Yet even they were in no humor for play. They pushed him away, and looked at each other, as if to say, "Did you ever see such conduct in church?"

It was rebuff everywhere. Our Dog would look closer into this matter. The congregation were all standing up. So he walked to the open end of a pew, jumped on it, and behind the people's backs, and walked to get in front of the little girls, that he might

have an explanation with them. Just then the hymn ceased. Everybody sat down with the subdued crash of silk and broadcloth. Everybody on that bench came near sitting on Our Dog. It was a terrible scramble to get out.

Still he kept me employed. There was a line of chairs in the aisle. In one of these deliberately sat Our Dog. If everybody would do nothing but sit still and look at that man in the pulpit, so would he. But somehow he moved one hind leg inadvertently. He slipped over the chair's edge. Our Dog slipped over with it and came as near tumbling as a being with four legs can. All this made noise and attracted attention. Little boys and girls and big boys and girls snickered as only people can snicker where they ought not to. Even some of the elders made queer faces. The sexton then tried to put Our Dog out. But he had no idea of going. He had come with our folks and he was not going until they went. The strange man grabbed for him, and he dodged him time and again with all his native grace and agility. This was something like. It was indeed fun. The sexton gave up the chase. It was ruining the sermon. Our Dog was sorry to see him go and sit down. He stood at a distance and looked at him, as if to say, "Well, aren't you going to try it again?"

Then, in an innocent and touching ignorance that he was violating all the proprieties of time and place, Our Dog went boldly up on the pulpit stairs while our minister was preaching, and stood and surveyed the congregation. Indeed, he appropriated much of that congregation's attention to himself. He stood there and surveyed that audience with a confidence and assurance which, to a nervous and inexperienced speaker, would be better than gold or diamonds. He didn't care. He smelt of the minister. He thought he'd try and see if the latter were in a mood for any sociability. No, he was busier than any of the rest. The stupidity and silence of all this crowd of people who sat there and looked at him puzzled Our Dog.

He could see no sense in it. Some little boys and girls did smile as he stood there. Seemingly those smiles were for him. But so soon as he reciprocated the apparent attention, so soon as he made for them, the smiles would vanish, the faces become solemn. And so at last, with a yawn, Our Dog flung himself on the aisle door, laid his head on his fore paws, and counted over the beef bones he had buried during the last week. Not a word of the sermon touched him. It went clear over his head.—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

THE BIRDS' PETITION.

From the sunny South, as the days grow long,
 We come to cheer you with beauty and song,
 In melodious measures, sweet and free,
 O'er the glorious land from sea to sea.
 We come in peace with no angry words,
 And pray you to spare all the bonnie birds.
 We ask no help, we have pleasure to give;
 All that we want is the right to live.
 Ye beautiful ladies, so kind and true,
 We present the "Birds' Petition" to you.
 Let no bonnie birds on your hats be worn,
 No more sweet singers be mangled and torn.
*There's a stain of blood on every bonnet
 Which has a dead bird stitched upon it.*

—William Lambie.

THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[Address everything relating to the Amusement Column to Mr. Henry A. Jenks, 45 Spring Lane, Canton, Mass. Contributors are requested to write on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly (not necessarily for publication), and send the answers to the puzzles on a separate slip of paper.]

I.

TRIPLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

In galvanism, but not in future.
 In cataract, but not in free.
 In rank, but not in suppose.
 In fabric, but not in texture.
 In inundate, but not in low.
 In earl, but not in dolman.
 In leonine, but not in might.
 In dingy, but not in mantis.

My whole gives the names of three presidents of the United States.

II.

SUGGESTIONS.

What famous persons do the following objects suggest:—

1. A skein of silk.
2. A dove.
3. A pomegranate seed.
4. A key.

—Youth's Companion.

III.

ADDITIONS.

1. Add one hundred to a part of the verb to be, and make burdensome responsibility.
2. Add five hundred to a unit, and make a small European cyprinoid fish.
3. Add five to the extreme point, and make to sell.

4. Add one thousand to any part of a geometrical curved line, and make a territorial border or frontier.

5. Add fifty to the fluid which we breathe, and make the bed of wild beasts.

IV.

CHANGED INITIALS.

I am a word of four letters, and meaning to support.

Change my head, and I am to receive information.

Again, and I am a lover.

Again, and I am anxiety.

Again, and I am a cogwheel in machinery.
 Again, and I am closely.

V.

HALF SQUARE.

1. The strongest of the Greeks in the Trojan War.

2. To shoot forward.

3. A preposition.

4. A consonant.

Answers to puzzles in the May number.

I. BEHEADINGS.—1. Tend—end. 2. Bark—ark. 3. Rice—ice. 4. Race—ace. 5. Hat—at.

II. CHARACTERISTIC INITIALS.—1. Francis Scott Key. 2. Henry W. Longfellow. 3. William C. Bryant. 4. Ralph Waldo Emerson. 5. Alice and Phæbe Cary.

III. PI.—

Somewhat back from the village street
 Stands the old-fashioned country-seat.
 Across its antique portico
 Tall poplar-trees their shadows throw;
 And from its station in the hall
 An ancient time-piece says to all,—

"Forever—never!
 Never—forever!"

IV. A MUSICAL LOVE STORY.—1. Robin Adair. 2. Mollie Darling. 3. Dixie Land. 4. Swanee River. 5. Coming thro' the Rye. 6. Just as the Sun went down. 7. In the Shade of the Old Apple-tree. 8. After the Ball was over. 9. I'm wearing my Heart away for You. 10. Because I love You so. 11. Under the Bamboo Tree. 12. Then You'll remember Me. 13. Always. 14. Tickled to Death. 15. My Old Kentucky Home. 16. Hearts and Flowers. 17. Annie Rooney. 18. Creole Belles. 19. Two Little Girls in Blue. 20. Yankee Doodle and Old Black Joe. 21. Everybody gives me Good Advice. 22. March thro' Georgia. 23. Georgia Camp Meeting. 24. In the House of Hugs and Kisses. 25. Home, Sweet Home.

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OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged—not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort—by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools, by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or sermon extract is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

Any minister (of any sect) who receives this paper is cordially invited to distribute the copies of the *Cheerful Letter* received among lonely members of his parish, shut-ins, or invalids of whom he may know. He is also invited to write to our headquarters (see address on this page) and give names and addresses of those who may be cheered and helped by becoming our correspondents.

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